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Song of the Railroad.

BY C. W. WOLFE.

Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, and through the brake;
O'er the bleak and weary moor,
On we lie with screech and roar!

Splashing! flashing!
Crashing! dashing!

Over bridges,
Gullies, bridges!

By the bubbling rill,
And mill—

Highways,
By-ways,

Hollow hill—
Jumping, bumping,

Rocking, roaring,
Like forty thousand giants snoring!

By the lonely hut and mansion,
By the ocean's wide expansion,
Where the factory chimneys smoke,
Where the foundry bellows croak—

Dash along!
Slash along!

Flash along!
On! with a jump,

And a bump!
And a roll!

Lies the fire fiend to its destined goal!

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog,
Every instant something new,
Every moment lost to view,

Now a tavern, now a steeples,
Now a crowd of gaping people,
Now a hollow, now a ridge,
Now a causeway, now a bridge—

Grumble, stumble,
Rumble, tumble,
Fretting, getting
In a stew!

Church and steeple, and gaping people—
Quick as thought are lost to view!

Every thing that eye can survey,
Turns hurly burly, topsy turvy!
Each passenger is thumped and shaken,
As physics is when to be taken.

By the foundry, past the forge,
Through the plain and mountain gorge,
Where the cathedral rears its head,
Where repose the silent dead,
Monuments amid the grass,
Fit like spectres as you pass.

If to hail a friend inclined,
Whisk! whirl! ka-swash, he's left behind!

Rumble, tumble, all the day—
Thus we pass the hours away.

Woman.

BY WILLIAM LEGG.

No star in yonder sky that shines
Can light like woman's eye impart;
The earth holds not in all its mines
A gem so rich as woman's heart.

Her voice is like the music sweet
Poured out from airy harp alone;
Like that, when storm more loudly beat,
It yields a clearer richer tone.

And woman's love's a holy light,
That brighter, brighter burns for aye;
Years cannot dim its radiance bright,
Nor even falsehood quench its rays.

It's like the Star of Bethlehem
Of old to Israel's shepherds given,
It marshals with its steady flame,
The erring soul of man to Heaven.

THE RAITZAN.

A Thrilling Hungarian Incident.

It was a dark night in the town of St. Thomas. Not a star was visible. Well it was that the heavens saw not what occurred on earth.

Men who had grown grey together in love and friendship, dwelling in the same street, under the same roof, who were bound to each other by ties of blood and kindred, of gratitude and duty, who were wont to share each others joys and griefs, began upon a sudden, as if drawn with infernal inspiration, to plot each other's extermination, and fill their souls with hatred bloody against those who no longer wronged them.

It was St. Eustace's day. The Raitzan assembled in the church to worship God, as they said. But no words of God were there; nor solemn organ notes; while voices announced approaching horrors, and the sainted roof resounded with strains ominous of strife.

The town's people were tranquil? Those amongst them who noticed that their neighbors' windows were lighted up, and who saw gloomy faces hurrying to the church, said to themselves:

doors of the temple opened and the nocturnal revel began.
With a wild howl the excited mob burst into the houses of their sleeping neighbors. It was as though they had some ancient and inveterate grudge to revenge, so fierce and bitter was the fury with which they murdered all whose windows showed no lights—the token that the Raitzan had adopted lest by error they should assail each others dwelling.

In two hours the Magyar population of the town was exterminated, with the exception of a scanty few who escaped in carts and carriages. These, however, were pursued, overtaken and ruthlessly butchered in cold blood.

At last the work of horror was ended. Voices of complaint were no longer audible, but in their stead, in more than one quarter of the illuminated town, were heard music and dancing.

It was long after midnight, when a cart drove through the streets of St. Thomas, marvellously gaily at the lights in the house, and the sounds of festivity and joy. At its own house he stopped. To his great surprise, his dwelling was also light up, and within were sounds of music, a hum of voices and the noise of dancing.

Astonished and anxious, he stepped silently to a window, and through it beheld a crowd of well known faces. The company flushed with wine and excitement, sang and shouted and drank out of his glasses, and danced madly round the room. They were all his old acquaintances and inhabitants of the town.

Ignorant of the events of the night, he thought he was dreaming.
Presently his attention was attracted by the licentious gait and demeanor of a woman, who circulated amongst the guests, and libertine gestures, sharing in and stimulating the orgies.

At first he could not discern who the woman was. Then he recognized her. It was his own wife.

'Hold!' he shouted, and strode into the room where the revelry was held. He knew not what to say, it were hard to find a word which would express the hate that possessed him.

'Hold!' he thundered out, every fibre quivering with fury, 'what do ye here?'

The guests stood aghast at that apparition of wrath. The boldest started at the sight of the man as he stood amongst them, terribly and deadly pale. For a while none dared to approach him. He went up to his wife, a dark haired, black-eyed, red cheeked woman, who stood as if turned to stone. He fixed his piercing eyes on her with a deadly gaze.

'On your knees!'

The woman stirred not.

'On your knees, wretch!' vociferated the husband, and struck her in the face so that she fell.

'Hold, dog!' was shouted on all sides.—The Raitzan rushed forward and the man was seized by twenty hands. He struggled against them, grasped the throat of one, and released not his clutch, even when thrown down and trampled under foot, until he had choked his adversary to death.—They bound his hands and thrust him into a corner. The Raitzan then formed a circle around him.

'What would ye with me?' he asked, the blood flowing from his mouth.
'What would ye? Look around you.—See you not, all here are Raitzans? replied a tall dark browed Serb, scowling scornfully and cruelly at the sufferer.

'And I am a Magyar. What then?'

'Ask thy neighbors? Hast thou not heard that to-day is our festival? the festival of the extermination of the Magyars. You are one: the last in town. All the others are dead. As the last you shall choose the manner of your death.'

'So then, Basil, you are to be the executioner?'

'I am the one chosen by the people.'

With an indelible loathing the Magyar spat at his face.

'Scoundrel! for this you shall weep tears of blood!'

'Weep—who ever saw me weep? You may say me—you may torture me—you may tear me limb from limb. There are enough of you to do it; but weep I will not; though my heart may burst with uncontrolled rage.'

'Weep thou shalt, and 'tis I shall make thee. Know that it is I who seduced your wife, and for whom she betrayed you.'

'That is thy shame, not mine.'

'All thy kinsmen are slain.'

'Better they should be dead in the street than breathe the air with thee.'

'Thy property is annihilated.'

'May God destroy those who did it.'

'Truly, thou art a cool fellow. But you had a daughter—a fair, lovely and innocent child.'

George looked upon his tormentor, and shuddered.

'Lina, I think, was her name,' continued the Serb, drawing out his words with a refinement of cruelty.

'What?—what mean you?' asked the trembling father.

'A comely maiden. Fair to look upon is she not?'

'The devil seize thee! what meanest thou?'

'So young and delicate, and yet—six husbands. Hard to choose. Your wife could not decide to which she could belong. I stepped in and settled the matter. I married her—to all six—and he burst into fiendish laughter.

Mute and giddy with horror the father raised himself from the ground.

'I am sorry you were not here for the wedding,' said the Serb.

'May God's justice fall on you,' shrieked the wretched father, stifling his tears; but the parents heart overpowered the pride of the man. He fell with his face upon the ground and wept—tears of blood.

'Lift him up,' said Basil, 'that we may see him weep for the first time in his life.'

'Weep a little, George, and you, sons, one upon your pipes that he may have accompaniment to his tears.'

And thereupon the drunken band began to dance round their victim with shouts of laughter and scoffing gestures, striking and kicking him as they passed. Now, however, he wept no longer. He closed his eyes and kept silence, enduring their ill treatment without sign or sound of complaint.

'Away with him,' cried Basil; 'throw him into the garret, and put a sentry over him. To-day we have celebrated his daughter's wedding, tomorrow we will drink at his funeral. Good night, friend George.'

He was dragged up to the garret and locked up. There he lay motionless. In a short time the singing and dancing ceased, and all was silence.

He lay with his senses benumbed, thinking neither of the past or the future, when he heard a slight rustling at the garret window.

Through the darkness he saw a white figure pass through the opening and grope its way towards him. Was it a dream? or was it reality? The figure's steps were noiseless. But presently it spake—in a scarce audible whisper:

'Father!—father!'

He looked up in the face of his child, and she in eager haste cut the rope that bound his hands.

'My child!' murmured he, and clasped his daughter's tottering knees. 'My dear, my only child.'

'Let us fly,' said the maiden, in faint and suffering tones. 'The ladder is at the window.'

George clasped his parting child in his arms, and bore her through the opening in the garret roof, and down the ladder resting her head upon his shoulder, and covering her cold cheeks with his kisses. Near the ladder foot he stumbled over something.

'What is that?' A spade. 'We will take it with us.'

'For a weapon,' said the father.

'To dig a grave,' said the daughter.

On the other side of the house was heard a heavy monotonous step. It was a Serb on sentry.

'Stay here! Keep close to the wall!' said George to his daughter. He grasped the spade and crept noiselessly to the corner of the house. The step came nearer and nearer. George raised the spade. The Serb turned the corner, and lay the next moment upon the ground, with his skull split.

He had time for a single cry.

George took the dead man's clothes and resumed his journey.

The morning star glittered in the brightening sky. Towards day-break, and without having exchanged a word, father and daughter reached the nearest village. George had many acquaintances there; and with one of them, he thought he could leave his daughter. He found but a poor reception. Nowhere was he offered to cross the threshold. None offered him so much as a crust of bread. All closed their doors, and informed him to depart, lest he should bring destruction on their heads.

The villagers were neither hard-hearted or cowardly; but they feared that if the Serbs of St. Thomas heard of their sheltering a fugitive, they also would be murdered or plundered. With anguish in his soul, the wretched man again took his child in his arms and resumed his journey.

For six days he walked on, over stubble and fallow, through storm and cold by night, and parching heat by day—his child, his beloved child on his arm. He asked not what ailed her, and she uttered no complaint.

On the sixth day the maiden died of hunger, misery and grief.

The father felt his burden heavier; the arms that clasped his neck slackened their hold, and the pale cheek that nestled on his shoulder was chill and cold.

But the spires of Azegeid now glittered in the distance. George hurried on, and at last exhausted by his speed, he reached at noonday the large and populous city. In the front of it a vast multitude was assembled—more than twenty thousand souls were gathered together, listening to the words of a popular orator, exalted upon a scaffold in the midst. George made his way into the throng; the speaker was relating the incredible atrocities of the Raitzan. Several of his hearers noticed the weary, wild-looking, travel-stained man, carrying in his arms a pale girl with closed eyes, who stood amongst them like a fugitive from the mad house.

'Whence come you?' they asked him.

'From St. Thomas on the scaffold!' cried those who heard his reply.

'A man here from St. Thomas. Up with him and let him speak to the people.'

The crowd opened a passage, and George was hurried to the scaffold. When, from this elevation, his emaciated and ghastly countenance, furrowed by suffering and despair, his failing limbs, and the faded and ashy pale features of the child upon his shoulder, became visible to the assembled multitude, a deep shuddering murmur ran through its masses, like that the Platen Lake gives forth when the tempest nears its shores.

At sight and sound of the heaving throng, a hectic flush flamed upon George's cheek, an unwonted fire burned in his bosom; he felt the spirit of revenge descended upon his head like a forked and fiery tongue.

'Magyars!' he exclaimed in loud and manly tones, 'I come from St. Thomas, the sole survivor of all who there prayed to God in the Magyar tongue. My goods are plundered, my kinsmen slain. Have any of you friends there? prepare your mourning for a surety they are dead. Of all I possessed I have saved but one treasure—my unhappy child. Approach ye, that are fathers; think of your virgin daughters, and behold what they have made of mine!'

As he spoke he lifted his child from his shoulder, and then only did he perceive that she was dead. Until that moment, he had supposed she was only faint and silent as she had constantly been for six days past.

'Dead!' shrieked the despairing man, and clasped the corpse to his breast. 'She is dead!' he repeated. The words died away upon his lips, and he fell, like one thunder-struck, headlong to the ground.

'—This tragic incident raised to a climax the excitement of the multitude.

'Revenge! a bloody revenge!' thundered

a voice, and the tumult that now arose was like the howling of the storm.

'To arms! to arms! all who are men!' was shouted on every side, and the people thronged through the streets and lanes of the city.

'To arms! to arms!' was echoed from house to house, and in an hour's time ten thousand fury-driven men stood armed and equipped, ready to set out for St. Thomas.

Then they got abroad a silent apprehension, speedily followed by a fierce resolve. Some one chanced to say:

'But what if, when we march away, the Raitzan rise up and murder our children?'

'The word passed from mouth to mouth.'

'They shall die!' exclaimed many voices. 'Let them perish as our brothers perished at St. Thomas! They must die!'

And with terrible ferocity, the people turned against their own city, and like a mountain torrent, overpowering all restraint, poured into their neighbors' dwellings, and slew the Raitzan to the very last man.

This occurred on the sixth day after the extermination of the Magyars from St. Thomas.

The Jockey's Spiritual Adviser.

A noted horse jockey in Connecticut, who had, by his profound knowledge of horology, and various arts and sciences 'adjacent thereto,' accumulated a considerable property, was a great hypochondriac and exaggerated every slight disorder that attacked him into a dangerous disease. Some of his neighbors were uncharitable enough to assert that his conscience made him tremble at the slightest menace of death. It is certain that whenever he was laid upon his bed with sickness, he began to talk aloud of his approaching dissolution, and bore his friends and neighbors with querulous complaints.

Once when sick, and old confederate who had travelled with him and aided him in despoiling the Egyptians in every county of the state, called in to see him. This friend comprehended the nature of his complaint at once, and requested the family to allow him to manage matters in his own way for a day or two.

He changed the tactics which others had previously employed, and instead of prophesying smooth things, he out-headed in croaking over his friend's maladies, and soon pronounced him a dying man.

From time to time he dropped in, and so worked upon his feelings that he brought the disease to a crisis. He called upon him the second day about noon, and taking his sick friend's wrist between his fingers, he shook his head mournfully, and with a tear in his eye, murmured:

'Poor fellow, it will soon be over.'

'This is hard, Sam,' said the sick professor of horology, and he groaned in bitterness of spirit.

'Hard enough,' said Sam. 'Just as you've got the nice something that ought to be done, and I think I'll try.'

'What's the matter?'

'Oh, such a pain shot through me!'

'Hain't you got anything on your mind that you want to say pretty soon? That last horse you sold for a colt was as old as a man, you know.'

'Oh, no, Sam; I've nothing to say; that is I've got so much to say that it's no use to try! Sam?'

'What?'

'Can't you—can't you pray for me?'

'Well, it's something that ought to be done, and I think I'll try.'

'Sam knelt down, and the sick one covered his head with the blanket and fairly groaned in agony of soul. Sam began—keeping one corner of an eye on the bed.

'O Lord, thy servant that's now lying sick on the bed, having burnt out the candle of life in the service of the devil (groans from the blanket) is now desirous of throwing the snuff in his makers face. (Sick one peeps out.) He lies here a broken down nag, spavined, ringbone, and heavy, and, thou knowest he has raised the hardest colts in the neighborhood. (Blanket jerked down conclusively.) Thou knowest, Lord, that he has been one of the greatest liars (heightened color in the sick man's face) and chases (fast doubled under the blanket) and the d—dest horse jockey that ever trotted over thy foot-stool.'

'It's an infernal lie, you scoundrel!' said the reviving patient. 'You're a cursed sight worse than ever I could be! and he leaped from the bed. 'You cheated me twice over—yourself you cursed hypocrite! roared the furious invalid—and he fairly turned his friend out of doors.'

The horse-jockey was abroad the next day, and soon commenced sending his boys to school, and reforming his own manner of life. He was changed from the very hour that the prayer was made at his bed side, and lived and died a better man.—*Yonkee Blade.*

He who makes free with a rude man places his own good nature against the other's impertinence. 'Just not with a rude man' said the preacher, 'lest thy ancestors be disgraced.'

Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.

The love of the beautiful and the true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation.

Every moral sentiment, every intellectual action, is to me a hint, a prophetic sign of a spiritual power to be expanded forever; just as a faint ray from a distant star is significant of unimaginable splendor.

The cure of all the ill and wrongs, the cares and sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, lies in that one word, Love! It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will.

Ladies, when you wish to read a true, simple and unadorned love story, go to the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis.

A Dying Wife to her Husband.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying Wife to her Husband was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before he was aware that the grasp of a disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

'When this shall reach your eye, dear G., some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing dead, it is to me a consolation that I am about to leave all forever and go down in the dark valley! But I know in whom I have trusted, and leaning on His arm, I fear no evil. Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, enshrouded in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

Yours is the privilege of watching through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking heart from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death—and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfolding glories of that better world, where partings are unknown.

Well do I know that, dear G., where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sun-light linger and play among the grass that grows over my Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, 'I am not lost, but gone before!'

A New Movement—Virginia for Fillmore.

The Whigs of Virginia have published a long Address to the people, and are organizing the Whig party for the next Presidential campaign.

They plant themselves alongside of President Fillmore. We extract the following:

As Whigs, we congratulate our party and the country on the entire fulfillment of the Whig assurances during the last Presidential canvass, that Mr. Fillmore would prove sound on the questions that effect southern safety. Of course we may equally congratulate them on the falsification of the injurious predictions and accusations so boldly and indiscriminately made against him by his adversaries. His patriotic performance of his high duties, his wise, right, and firm conduct under every difficulty, have vindicated our faith in him, and endeared him to all good citizens. In his hands the Fugitive Slave law will be faithfully executed, and all combinations and associations, from whatever causes proceeding to defeat it, will be dispatched to their just end. We rejoice to believe that, in this auspicious result, the efforts of our Federal Government to accomplish the purposes of justice, enforce obedience to its authority, and in all things fulfill the expectation of its founders, will be demonstrated in a manner that cannot fail more strongly to cement the bonds of the Union, and convince its enemies of the utility of all attempts to accomplish its dissolution.

Mr. Fillmore, the Whigs of Virginia inform us, is carrying out the 'assurances made during the last Presidential canvass.' Compare these assurances with those made in Ohio at the same canvass, and you have exposed as pretty a set of political rascals as ever deceived and lugged a honest people. The day of retribution is however close at hand.—*Ohio Statesman.*

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to dry on a pair of boots, exclaimed—

By St. Patrick! I believe I shall never get them until I wear them a day or two.

Thousands have become rich minding their own business—no also, thousands have become poor minding other people's.

There are two ways of gaining a reputation: to be praised by honest men, or abused by rogues.

Do not all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

The enrolled militia in the United States, amounts to two millions.

A fine coat often covers an intolerable fool, but never conceals one.

Printing a Horse.

While we were busied in putting the "Friend" to press, our attention was attracted by the lumbering foot falls of two pair of substantial brogans on the stairway leading to our printing office, and presently by the crowns of two Rough and Ready hats, which rose above a pair of heads which were followed by shoulders and so on, until to athletic specimens of the "rural population" of Georgia stood revealed before us. Advancing a few steps from the stairway, the two came to a halt and gazed round the apartment, occasionally casting furtive glances about them, as if apprehensive of being caught up and done for by the printing presses that were in operation in their immediate vicinity. One of the party had his attention particularly attracted by the self-inking machine, the operation of which he seemed peculiarly anxious to understand, while the other was making spasmodic efforts to smoke a horrid bad cigar.

Presently the man with the cigar broke silence.

'Do you print horses here?' said he, holding his cigar between his finger and thumb in an attitude rather too striking to be graceful.

Apprehending that we did not rightly understand the question, we asked—

'Hand-bills?'

'What's them, Bill?' inquired the speaker of his friend.

'Dad fetch it if I know,' said Bill, 'thout ther notes o' hand.'

The two conversed together in a low voice a moment, during which time the first speaker made several ineffectual efforts to get a whiff from his cigar. Presently, turning round and elevating his voice, he said:

'Look-a-here, stranger, can you print a horse or not?'

He paused for a reply, while we endeavored to frame an answer.

'Because,' resumed the speaker, 'I want a first rate picture of my horse Red Eagle, and if you're the man what can do it, say the word!'

'We can do almost any kind of printing here, sir. Have you the manuscript with you?'

'The what uscript?' exclaimed the owner of the Red Eagle.

'Have you a copy of what you want printed?' said we.

'Cus the copy,' said he, 'I don't want a copy. I want my horse printed jest dry so. Can you do it?'

'Oh,' said we, 'you only want a picture of your horse?'

'That's the idea, stranger, exactly.'

As we now comprehended his wants, and were disposed to humor the joke, we instructed one of the boys to take an impression of a large cut